

The
Quill

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The Quill

STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE
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MARY MCGILL
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FRANCELLA CRAVEN
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ER, VIRGINIA SCOTT.

BETTY HOWARD, CAROL KERCHNER
Art Staff

MISS LAURA TILLET
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Boar's Head Dinner, 1943

FLORA ANN NOWELL

The barren trees so stark against the snow,
Diana with a gown of sparkling white,
The tingling cold and faces all aglow,
The many-colored dresses in the light,
The warmth and brightness of the dining hall,
The hush that fell as from the door there came
The trumpeters and heralds who to all
The saga of the boar's head did proclaim;
The pomp with which the head itself was borne,
The old and lovely carols we all sang,
The odd, romantic costumes that were worn,
The turkey and the pudding with meringue—
Are memories that bring to me quite clear
A merry Christmastime at Queens last year.

Willie from Santa

JANE KING

THE LIGHT from the study door threw a pale reflection upon the drafty narrow stairway. On the very top step, crouched in the shadows, was little Willie Martin. His thin, gangly legs were crossed in front of him; and his chin rested on one hand, while with the other he vainly tried to dry the unmanly tears that stained his cheeks.

"Yes, Elsie—tomorrow? All right, I'll have him ready. You may have a hard time with him; he's a rowdy child and sensitive too—you don't know how happy I am that none of them must go to a home—thank you—"

The phone clicked, and grandmother's tired old voice stopped. Little Willie fled to the nursery, which he shared with a baby sister.

The next morning grandma woke Willie up earlier than baby Carol and helped him dress in his best suit. When she told him he was going to live with his Aunt Elsie, it just didn't register in Willie's mind. In the week since grandma had told him his own gentle little mother had gone away to heaven, nothing had seemed just right to Willie. He didn't know Aunt Elsie, and he was too sleepy even to think. At last he sat at the breakfast table between the blond, straight young woman called Elsie and the big young man called Jim.

Grandma kept saying, "I know you'll love him when you know him." And the strange Aunt Elsie would nod and smile questioningly at Willie. Willie just ate his breakfast. When they had all finished, Uncle Jim said, "Come on, you two; we'd better get started; we have a long way to go." He gave Willie an odd glance almost like Elsie's.

As they all stood in the hall by the front door, Aunt Elsie and Uncle Jim with anxious expressions, and grandma's eyes beginning to fill with tears, Willie heard a little voice lisp, "Where you going, Wullie?" It was little Carol, with her rumped white gown dragging as she faltered down the stairs. Her dark curls were tousled, and her brown eyes were still sleepy when grandma picked her up.

"Willie is going to stay with Aunt Elsie over in Springfield, and you are going with me to nice Aunt Polly's, darling. Aunt . . ."

"Wullie goin' away? Wullie goin' away? Oh, Wullie . . . ie . . . ie" . . and she burst into tears.

By this time Jane, Betsy, and Ronnie, the three older children, were standing at the head of the steps. Grandma had to explain where they were all going; and for the second time in a week Willie saw sturdy ten-year-old

Ronnie cry. Willie just couldn't hold back the tears when he realized that all of them were to be separated and that he was to be the first to leave—he cried and hugged baby Carol and the others and declared he wouldn't go at all. At last Uncle Jim had to pick up the tearful Willie and carry him out to the car. As little Willie rode away, he stood in the back seat and watched grandma with the children clustered around her on the porch—all waving and crying. Aunt Elsie said kindly, "Sit down now, William; we have a long trip ahead of us." Willie sat down; his feet didn't touch the floor; his blue eyes and freckled nose were red; an auburn curl hung in his face—and the weight of a sorrow much too big for a not quite six-year-old boy pressed down on his weary little shoulders.

That was the last week in November, that day that Willie left his grandmother's old home and went to the shiny new bungalow with his strange new relatives.

Now it was almost Christmastime. Aunt Elsie had written grandma that Willie was doing very well, but that she couldn't understand why he had ever been called a rowdy child, because he just couldn't seem to get used to living in the new little house that was all on one floor, or to playing with children whom he didn't know well. And the day grandma called and let baby Carol talk on the telephone, Willie cried all afternoon. But he did try, because Aunt Elsie had told him that his little mother and the daddy that he could hardly remember could see him and were hoping he would be happy in the little house. Yes, Willie did try, and sometimes at night he laughed and yelled when he and Uncle Jim fought and rolled on the floor in front of the open fireplace. Then the day he went to the birthday party and beat a new red drum all afternoon, Willie came home all starry-eyed and happy.

But Willie never could get used to Aunt Elsie with her rather abrupt voice and boyish figure and tailored clothes. He missed his frail, pretty mother tucking him in and telling all the children a bedtime story—each night. And he didn't understand why Aunt Elsie went to so many meetings and had so many telephone calls and wrote so many letters. She was friendly and talked to Willie a great deal and seemed to want him around and tried to play with him, but it just wasn't the same.

And then Christmas Eve came, and it was all Willie could do to enter into the fun and laughter of his new parents. He hung his stocking and watched Aunt Elsie wrap packages to send to Ronnie and the others. And Aunt Elsie wrote his letter to Santa Claus. All Willie wanted was a big red drum, but he was afraid Santa wouldn't bring it—because nothing seemed the same way any more.

On Christmas morning Willie woke up early and crept downstairs, just hoping and hoping. The living room was a dazzling sight; a glittering tree stood in one corner; Willie's stocking was bulging with fruit and candy, and gifts in bright papers were scattered all around the room. But as he stood in the doorway, Willie's eyes didn't leave one object. There beneath the tree was a big snare drum, shiny and new and red. Willie rushed toward it and struggled to place the straps over his shoulders. From the time he found it until dinner Aunt Elsie could hardly get him to put it down long enough to dress or to eat. Willie beat the drum in the house; he paraded for the other children on the block; he pretended he was in a soldiers' band and then in a circus band.

Late in the afternoon he was so tired that he just sat in a corner of the yard and held the drum. Ted, the big boy next door, came by and admired the drum. Then as he went on he remarked, "Open one side of the drum; it has candy inside." Willie sat and thought about it; and then after a few minutes he ran inside and took Aunt Elsie's scissors from her table. He cut the drum open, but there was not a single piece of candy inside. He tried to make it beat again, but not a single sound would come from the drum. Finally Willie rushed frantically into the house, sobbing out the whole story. Uncle Jim tried to comfort him by promising him a new drum, but Willie wouldn't be comforted.

"A new one wouldn't come from Santa Claus; I love my drum; I love my own drum."

Aunt Elsie didn't say a word; she just took the drum and tried to sew it up while Willie watched her, still breathing in tearful gulps. But the drum had stopped beating for good; Aunt Elsie couldn't make it utter a sound. Willie's temporary hopes dropped, and his eyes filled up again. He looked at Aunt Elsie, and tears were streaming down her face. She smiled feebly at Willie and tried to dry her eyes with the back of one hand; at that very moment Willie made the same gesture. In an instant Willie's auburn head was on her shoulder, and Aunt Elsie was crying as hard as Willie, with her arms tight around his trembling little shoulders.

Christmas night when Willie went to bed, Aunt Elsie sat on the bed beside him, and they planned a visit to grandma and baby Carol. Aunt Elsie sat beside him until he went sound asleep and relaxed his hold on her hand. If Willie had been awake, he would have wondered what Aunt Elsie meant when she reached the hall and whispered to Uncle Jim, "Santa brought me something with Willie's drum—Willie."

Sea Chanty

ANN PERRY

We'll sail a pirate ship on midnight seas
With ghostly crews to guide our phantom craft.
A roaring man with hate for all he sees
Will captain us and swagger fore and aft.
We'll plunder towns beneath a mellow moon;
Then, heavy laden with our booty, turn
And swearing we will join in pillage soon;
What we have left behind us we shall burn.
So back our homeward journey we must take
With wines and silver, gold, and rich, red rum.
With gay black-hearted buccaneers we'll make
A pact to leave our graves and free become.
But we must part before the morning glows
To show Death's somber toll in rows on rows.

A Place among the Great

MARY MCGILL

MORE than a century has passed since Byron died, and still the verdict sways with uncertainty as to his place among those of fame. The English did not sanction his burial in Westminster Abbey; they considered him a blot on their nation's scutcheon. But, as Goethe says, "The English may think of Byron as they will, it is certain that they show no poet who is to be compared with him." He had the passion and the greatness—in a word, the genius—that made his voice heard throughout Europe. Perhaps he should not be placed among the great of soul, but he does deserve a place among the great of mind and of heart. Certainly some qualities of greatness are exemplified in his life and character, in his passion for liberty and for the oppressed, and in the power of his poetry.

Byron's life is an enigma; it is a series of contradictions and inconsistencies. It is a perpetual conflict between superficial vanity and essential greatness. He has been called a rebel, an egoist, a reprobate; and yet in the light of virtues such as his tenderness, his generosity, his pride, and his fortitude, his flagrant characteristics lose some of their sting. To be sure he was dissolute and immoral, but many of his finer traits tend somewhat to balance his bad ones. He was always ready to supply any friend with money or advice; he was always ready to supply any young author with his patronage. Even Coleridge, who was little given to flattery, commented on his tenderness. When he was criticized, even though he was in command of a satirical weapon with which he could have destroyed any critic or enemy, he withdrew from publication the one self-vindication he had made merely because he felt he had been inconsiderate. When shown a satire upon himself, he thought it good and urged its publication. Attacks upon himself he often ignored because he realized his defects as a writer.

Childe Harold shows qualities in Byron's character which sometimes go unheeded. In this poem he cries out in touching pathos against his fate, and at the same time he seeks an escape from real woes by the exhibition of imaginary glory and imaginary delights.

The most noble and commendable characteristic of Lord Byron was undoubtedly his passion for liberty—"eternal Spirit of the chainless mind," as he calls it. His sense of the right for social equality was first shown in his maiden speech in the House of Lords. In this speech he defended the proletariat class against the passage of the Framework Bill. Poverty-stricken masses, more destitute because of the Industrial Revolution with its innovation of machines and consequent unemployment, had resorted to destroying the machines which symbolized the enemies of their existence. Byron defended their right not only to life but to social freedom.

Abroad, too, Lord Byron was the prophet and champion of liberty. His hatred of tyranny, his defense of the oppressed, made him the hope and idol of enslaved European classes, and brought consolation and encouragement. Nor did he speak in vain. His "Prophecy of Dante," written during his stay in Italy, was influential in the unification of the Italian Kingdom; for although supposedly an experiment in *terza rima*, it was of revolutionary purport. Imagine the significance of such lines as these to a suppressed people starving for recognition:

*What is there wanting, then, to set thee free
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
To make the Alps impassable, and we,
Her sons, may do this in one deed—Unite.*

Byron's most intense devotion was for Greek independence. Greece under the Ottoman rule was an empire of evil and brutality. Such practices as the kharadsh tax, the tithe, and above all the blood tribute, had reduced these proud people to inconceivable depths; for in these they had been deprived of their last hope. Lord Byron was filled with compassion when he observed the dull silence of slavery in a land where every stone had a name, every brook a mythological background, every valley classical significance. He expresses his dream in lines like these:

*I dreamed that Greece might still be free,
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.*

And again in *Childe Harold*:

*Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush—our fathers' bleed.*

He personally supplied and led a regiment of soldiers to fight against the Turks, but his death cut short his plans. Disappointment, heartbreak, and the damp, oppressive heat of the Missolonghi swamps brought a fever from which he did not recover. He died on April the nineteenth, 1824. And so Byron sacrificed his money, his time, his comfort, and finally his life for the freedom of an adopted land whose history he admired, whose tongue he loved, and whose greatness he appreciated.

But a poet should be studied through his works. The most outstanding features of Byron's poetry are vitality and power; it is never in studied perfection but in fiery, spontaneous eloquence. This is chiefly exemplified in *Childe Harold*. Byron has been called the Boswell of his own life, for his work is generally conceded to be autobiographical.

Those exquisite passages in which he describes "clear, placid Lake Leman," or the stars, the "poetry of heaven," can never die. Nor can the lovely lyrics that he interspersed through *Don Juan*, such as "Isles of Greece" or "Ave Maria." In one line Byron is able to sweep us into his mood and to awake any emotion he may wish; of wistful beauty:

*She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.*

of sweeping vigor and intense awe:

*The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.*

of heart-rending pathos:

*Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.*

Childe Harold gives the travels and reflections of a pilgrim who, sated and disgusted with a life of pleasure and revelry, seeks distraction in foreign lands. It is a cry of desolation, an open acknowledgment of melancholy. Matthew Arnold says that in it Byron "displays the pageant of a bleeding heart." This work widened the horizon of his contemporaries, bringing into their scope wonders and beauties hitherto unknown. There are more universal aspects, however. There is his intense love for nature—nature in its wilder, tempestuous, powerful aspects. Nature should signify something spiritual, something apart, and such communion with nature as Byron had seems spiritual. It is doubtful whether a wretched scoundrel could have described nature, much less comprehended or appreciated her as Byron gives evidence to have done in such lines as these from *Childe Harold*:

*There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more;
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.*

*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore . . .*

The greatness of Byron's poetry, then, is to be found in its beauty, its power, its splendor; in the picture the poet gives of life—life seen always, though, through a passionate, sorrowful, sensitive soul; in easy, tuneful lyrics; in romantic love for the departed glories of Greece and Rome. Byron was not a poet of Britain alone; he was a poet of the world. His widespread influence is proved in the school of poets that rose up as his disciples: Hugo, Lamartine, and Musset in France; Mueller and Heine in Germany; Leopardi and Guista in Italy; others in Russia and Poland.

It would seem, therefore, that there is no question as to Byron's claim to greatness. He rightfully merits a place among the greatest of disillusioned heroes, a place among the great poets.



Together They Serve

FLORA ANN NOWELL

Characters: PHYLLIS POTTER: a young wife of about twenty-five, slim, dark, and attractive.

STANLEY POTTER: her husband, about twenty-eight, with regular features and a good physique.

SETTING: The scene is in the Potter apartment. The apartment is small, and the room in which the action takes place is used for both living and dining room. It is not very tidy. There are magazines on the floor by the sofa, and a coat is thrown over a chair. The table at the right of the stage is set for two. There are three exits, the one on the right leading to the kitchenette, the one on the left to the bedroom, and the one in the center, to the hall. When the curtain rises, Phyllis is seen lying full length on the sofa reading a magazine. She has on a cotton play dress with a frilly apron over it. Her hair is plaited, with a perky bow on each plait. Whistling is heard off stage, and Stanley enters at center.

STANLEY: Hi, cutie!

(He kisses her lightly on the cheek.)

PHYLLIS: (Rising quickly) Sit down a minute, darling. Supper will be ready in a jiff.

(Exit right. Stanley picks up the paper, which is on a near-by end table and begins reading it. He is obviously a little nervous. He turns quickly from page to page, folds it up and tosses it aside as Phyllis enters, carrying a casserole dish, which she places in the exact center of the table. Bread and iced tea are already on the table, as well as a mixed fruit salad.)

PHYLLIS: Come and get it.

STANLEY: (Seating himself) Gee, I certainly am going to miss coming home to my lovely wife and these leisurely evening meals.

PHYLLIS: (With a smile) Do you really think I'm lovely? (Suddenly realizing what he has said) MISS me! What do you mean?

STANLEY: Just this: I'm enlisting. Tomorrow.

PHYLLIS: (Bewildered) You can't mean—Why you've never even mentioned it, Stanley, why?

STANLEY: Haven't you heard? There's a war on.

PHYLLIS: How can you sit there and talk so calmly? Why I may never see you again. There's no need—

STANLEY: No need! To fight for one's country?

PHYLLIS: Oh, I don't mean that, but why must you go? You have a wife and an essential job, and we're doing our part. (With a note of pride) Why just yesterday we bought a bond, and I turned in twenty tin cans.

STANLEY: And I suppose when my grandson asks me what I did in the war, I can throw my chest out proudly and say I saved kitchen fat and tin cans.

PHYLLIS: (Unnecessarily) You don't even have a son. Why worry about a grandson? You just don't mind leaving me at all. (With feeling) That's the reason you're joining—to get away from me.

STANLEY: (Rising angrily) Has it ever occurred to you that a man might love his country enough to fight for it?

PHYLLIS: (In a sob) You just don't love *me* at all. (Exits left, crying)
(Stanley begins pacing the floor. His movements are jerky; his face livid. Several minutes pass, then Phyllis enters, looking embarrassed. Stanley looks up menacingly.)

PHYLLIS: (Extending her hand) Stanley, I'm sorry. It's just that it was so sudden that I wasn't prepared for it. It so happens that I love you very much, Stanley Potter. So much that I'd hate for you to go even to Podunk on a business trip, much less to heavens-knows-where with the army.

STANLEY: (Taking her in his arms) It was really my fault. I should have broken it gently.

PHYLLIS: (Brightly) It's right for you to go, Stannie. We must all do our part.

STANLEY: I'm glad you see it that way now.

PHYLLIS: And I have a surprise for you.

STANLEY: What?

PHYLLIS: I'm enlisting. Tomorrow.

STANLEY: ENLISTING! (Then with a sudden realization and an amused grin) In what—the Red Cross Motor Corps?

PHYLLIS: No. The WACs.

STANLEY: The WACs! Are you mad? Why, that's perfectly absurd. A woman isn't meant for a soldier. Her place is in the home.

PHYLLIS: Bosh! You're still in the dark ages.

STANLEY: (Reasoningly) But, Phyllis, there are other things you could do—Red Cross, salvaging, and stuff.

PHYLLIS: (Mockingly) And then when my grandson asks what I did in the war, I can proudly say that I saved kitchen fat.

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She's So Fickle

BARBARA HAMPTON

EVERYBODY in our crowd, especially the boys, considered Susan tops. Ever since I could remember she had had everything she ever wanted. Now she was in college, and she had beauty, popularity, and a wonderful personality added to the rest. We girls could not help being a little envious. We couldn't understand how one out of such a crowd could have "it all," as we put it.

But there was one thing about Susan; this was the thing that was a continuous source of gossip among us girls—her fickleness. Susan, being spoiled, went after what she wanted. And there had been very few young men who had not fallen when she decided they should be her current beau. But the peculiar thing was that no sooner had she started going with one than she dropped him—just like that! Usually the poor boy would be so surprised and hurt that he hardly knew how to take it. Of course, he always had our sympathy, and we would tell him we "just couldn't understand how Susan could be so fickle and mean."

Yes, the girls always talked about Susan's behavior; but, nevertheless, they were all her devoted friends. Maybe this was because of her personality, or her money, or her popularity with the young men. They were always ready to do anything for Susan. She was that kind of a girl. And, too, she was always—or almost always—sweet to them and was in a position to do things for them. So, when her temper got the best of her and she spoke her mind to those around, they were able to overlook it.

Now take Johnny Davis. Johnny was several years older than Susan and quite the "Joe College" of our crowd. Naturally, Susan began to be interested in him. He noticed this; and, being a man, he was flattered. It didn't take long for them to become regular "steadies." Susan seemed to be so crazy about Johnny that we were sure she would settle down a little bit.

I saw a lot of Susan that fall because Johnny's best friend, Dick, was my "steady." We often double-dated; and if anyone had asked me, I would have said, "Yes, I think Susan is really serious this time. She and Johnny seem to be the ones for each other."

But one night Johnny called me up. "Susan just broke a date with me," he said; "she said she had another headache." I could tell by his voice that he felt pretty bad about it.

"Uh-oh," I said to myself, "here we go again." And I was right, too. Almost before we knew it, Johnny and Susan had broken up. She wouldn't even see him. Poor Johnny, he had fallen hard, and it looked as if he wouldn't get over it for a long time.

"Well, that's the way she is," everyone said. "She's so fickle you never can tell what she will do next." I was finding myself becoming more and more

impatient with Susan. But she and I didn't see very much of each other anymore; so there was nothing I could do.

Then Mike moved into our crowd. He wasn't like the rest of the boys, though. Oh, he was good-looking all right, but there was something about him that set him apart. Maybe it was his reserved manner, or maybe it was the fact that he worked every afternoon, working his way through college. But I think that, most of all, it was his utter disregard of all the girls that made him so attractive. He was nice to them, of course, but he never went out of his way for them, and he never dated one. He just didn't seem to care. All the boys liked Mike, too. Although he worked during most of the time he was not in class and didn't have much time to run around, he was a genuine friend, and they all liked him, especially Dick. About the only time I ever saw Mike was when he'd come up and talk to Dick and me, but we both agreed that he was a fine boy.

About this time Susan decided she would try where the other girls had failed. She planned exactly what she wanted to do and set about to carry out her plans. Several evenings when Mike was just getting off from work, she would be there in her car to give him a lift back to school. And she never could understand her lessons when he was around to explain them to her. Once or twice she forgot her assignment and had to call him up to ask about it.

Mike, however, was different from the others. He didn't seem so likely to fall for Susan's line. But one night he took her home from a dance at the fraternity house. And then one night they went to a movie together. Yes, Mike might have been different, but he was also human.

Dick tried to warn Mike, but it only made him angry enough to stand up for Susan. He thought she was all right, and he didn't want to hear anything said about her. So Dick kept quiet, realizing that he had only made matters worse. We talked it over and decided there was nothing we could do but just wait and see what would happen.

By now the affair was going along just as the others had. Mike had fallen for Susan, and again it looked as if she really meant it, too. Only this time there was a difference. This time Susan didn't do as she pleased with Mike, as she had done with the others. She didn't break dates with him to date other boys as she had done before. She was always ready to go out with him.

One day, however, the tables were turned. Susan had been short-tempered all day and had complained of one of her headaches. She and Mike had a fuss between classes that day, and both had gone off without speaking. But Susan wasn't very much worried about it. Mike would call up and apologize. Why shouldn't he? All the others had. But he didn't. He didn't call that night, or all during the next week.

For once we all felt really sorry for Susan. She was almost frantic. No one in all her life had ever done her like that before. And she couldn't be the one to make up—she simply couldn't.

But in the end she did. We all were nearly knocked off our feet we were so surprised. Right there in front of all of us she walked up to him and apologized. Mike was wonderful about it; we knew he would be.

From then on there wasn't a cross word between them. Susan even promised Mike she wouldn't date anyone else, and that was quite a promise for

Susan to make. We all felt that this was surely the end of Susan's fickleness.

But then the war came along; Mike was among the first to enlist. We could all tell how much it hurt Susan for him to leave, but she didn't say anything about it to him. She wanted him to do what he thought was right. The day he left she could hardly hold back the tears, and after he left she didn't try to. I went home with her to see if there was anything I could do. All she talked about was Mike and how much he meant to her. I was both happy and sad for her—happy because she had at last found someone she really cared for, and sad because he was gone.

Susan wrote Mike faithfully every day and received letters from him as often. For a long time after he left she refused to date anyone else, although he had said he wanted her to have fun. Nevertheless, she spent most of her time thinking of him and writing to him.

But it was too good to last; we should have realized that. Gradually Susan started going out more and more. She seemed anxious to have as many dates and as much fun as she possibly could. She was her same old self again—and yet not quite the same, I thought. We didn't know what to do about it; she never talked about Mike any more; in fact, it seemed to me she purposely avoided any mention of him. If only he could come home, I thought.

And then Mike did come home. It was his last furlough before he was to be sent across. We thought that surely he and Susan would patch things up, maybe get married; but this was all wishful thinking.

Susan gave Mike one date while he was home and no more. I have never seen a boy so changed as he was then. In the past he had been friendly and joking; now he was hardly civil even to Dick and me. For the rest of his leave he stayed to himself—completely miserable. But he didn't try to see Susan again. They were through. He went back to the army, but his spirit was hardly the kind for any soldier to have.

This time I decided I wouldn't hold back. I was going to tell Susan exactly what I thought about the whole affair, and I wasn't going to be overly nice about it, either.

So the morning after Mike left I went to Susan's room to have a talk with her. "Will you please tell me exactly why you did Mike so dirty?" I demanded.

Susan looked so surprised I couldn't tell how she was going to take it. But she only gave a half-hearted laugh and said, "Well, was he any different from the others?"

"You know good and well he was different," I replied. "What about all you told me, not to mention what you surely told Mike?"

She looked for a moment as if she would laugh again, but she didn't. Her shoulders shook with a convulsive sob, and she began to cry.

"What is it, Susan?" I asked. "Is it something I said? I guess I shouldn't have come in like this." I was beginning to think I was the most tactless person in the world.

"No, it's not you," she said when she was able to talk. "It's Mike."

"Mike?" I exclaimed. I was becoming more and more confused all the time.

(Continued on page 40)

On Christmas Eve

BETTY BARBER



I mustn't think of being bad,
Of telling tales and getting mad,
'Cause soon it will be Christmas Day
And Santa Claus will come my way;
He'll come while I am sound asleep—
On Christmas Eve you mustn't peep.

But really I would like to know
Such things as how does Santa go
So fast o'er all the big wide world
And visit every boy and girl?
But he will come while I'm asleep—
On Christmas Eve you mustn't peep.

One Christmas Eve I heard a noise
Could it be my Christmas toys?
I crept out of my bed to see
And there was Santa by the tree;
I knew I should be sound asleep—
On Christmas Eve you mustn't peep.

So then I quickly ran to bed
And dreamed of Santa dressed in red;
But now I wonder did I see,
Or did I dream that it was he?
Still I should be sound asleep—
On Christmas Eve you mustn't peep.

Another thing, just tell me how
He comes down through the chimney now?
It's awfully small for one so fat,
I'd like to talk to him 'bout that;
But he will come while I'm asleep—
On Christmas Eve you mustn't peep.

I guess that in a year or so
They'll tell me what I'd like to know,
Just now it's almost Christmas Day
And Santa Claus will come my way;
So I'll be good and go to sleep—
On Christmas Eve you mustn't peep.

“Cor Cordium!”¹

JUNE HOLDER

THIS WORLD of ours would be a sad place indeed without individual opinion. History moves forward on the ideas of men who dare to speak out against the conditions around them in an effort to bring reform or simply to deliver their own personal criticism. English literature can claim no bolder representative of the latter class than Matthew Arnold, who was continually expressing his ideas about culture and literature and their place in life. No student of English literature can doubt Mr. Arnold's soundness of doctrine and real ability as a critic. He, however, like all of us, could make mistakes; and one of the most challenging of his erroneous ideas, I believe, is his statement concerning Shelley in which he declared that the young poet was only a "beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." Now, this metaphorical characterization undoubtedly contains some elements of truth. Shelley was a beautiful angel, as his poetry and philosophy indicate again and again; and no expression could better describe his ability than "luminous wings"; for he was a virtual cynosure—a beautifully shining, bright light, that beacons far out into the darkened night of tyranny and oppression. But Shelley was not ineffectual, and his influence upon the literature of England and America since his day refutes any idea as to the vain beating of his poetic wings. But how does Shelley achieve this claim to immortality among English poets?

First of all, his greatness is due to his ethereal conception of universal beauty—a loveliness that pervades all things and yet is an intellectual, mysterious, and transcending quality of the mind. The temporary manifestations of loveliness may be destroyed, but the effect of this beauty—the mental perception—lives within the heart forever. Destruction thus becomes a part of the creative. Shelley reveals the universal in this theme, and he is always sublime in his treatment of it. What could be truer than his line, "Naught may endure but Mutability," or his statement that beauty is, "Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery"? Shelley is profound, and yet he is so luminous that he can never be traced down to any definite boundaries. His idealism soars among the angels; it can never be confined.

It is this unearthly atmosphere of his poetry that prompts Arnold to declare that neither Shelley nor his poetry is quite sane. Perhaps. Yet, his idealism renders him none the less effective. Indeed, no man can understand the philosophy of Shelley without becoming profoundly projected into the world of perfect beauty himself. It is strangely and intangibly magnetic. It penetrates to the human soul; yet just what its force is can never be limited by specific definition.

Shelley regarded himself as a teacher of a heavenly message. He believed that poetry had healing and sustaining powers; to him, it was the answer to "What shall we do to be saved?" It increased faith and hope and

gave us the will to see and act. Let us consider the beautiful and moving "Ode to the West Wind". Through lyric verses of transcendent beauty he describes the destructive and preserving action of the wind in nature, with the beautiful appeal,

*"Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!"*

He then declares his own mortal weakness and asks to be lifted as "a wave, a leaf, a cloud," to become the lyre of the wind. And, finally, he begs:

*"Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth
The trumpet of a prophecy!"*

The final note is one of hope,

*"O Wind,
If winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"*

But the "Ode to the West Wind" is not only a poetic description of Shelley's ideas of his mission among men; it is also an accomplishment of that mission. Its beautiful description, its transcendent lyricism, and its "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" in the whole enlighten the soul with faith and hope. The heart leaps in response to its lyrical and philosophic beauty. It is indeed a hard soul that remains unmoved by Shelley's magic.

A part of the poet's beauty is his ability to create little paradises of description. These descriptive bits are both earthly and heavenly, and the reader can find at least one suited to his personal need. There is the dreamland of rivers and moonlight in Islam; there is the grove of Prometheus and his aides; there is the starry heaven where Adonais dwells apart; there is the immeasurable sky of the cloud; and there is the sun-illuminated solitude of the Euganean Hills. What man could not find a beauty akin to his own soul among such havens?

This beauty, moreover, is heightened by the poet's skill in the use of detail. His descriptions are masterpieces of scientific beauty. Some of the most powerful effects he achieves are those of towering clouds, boundless skies, mysterious winds, and soaring, joyous birds. Shelley's descriptions are beautiful and varied.

Shelley's lyricism—his sheer music—prompted Arnold to declare that the man should have been, not a poet, but a musician. Thus even the adverse critic recognized the lyrical genius of Shelley; and, indeed, no poem of his is without this mounting beauty. But it does not subordinate the philosophic or descriptive loveliness. On the contrary, all are blended together into a meaningful, musical, highly effective whole. For example, consider the little fragment, "To Music":

*Silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.*

How could any critic gather into his heart the above five lines and yet declare that the author is ineffectual? Shelley, in lines like these, penetrates the human heart; he kindles a spark of divine beauty in each of us; the emotions he arouses render the finer spirit of the soul capable of a greater appreciation of beauty and give to the heart a greater beauty within itself.

Shelley's revolutionary ideas and his spirit of revolt against oppression

cannot be overlooked. He was an ardent enthusiast for freedom, and all his life exhibited his personal courage by doing at all times the thing he believed was right for himself and for his fellowman. Such poems as "Epipsychidian," "Song to the Men of England," and the great drama, "Prometheus Unbound"—all cry in every line the dream of the oppressed: man must be free! Shelley, of course, was not alone in his revolutionary views, for he joined Byron and Coleridge in the general Romantic march for freedom. To say that it effected nothing would be to deny the power of literature in influencing thinking.

The conclusion, then, must be that the extent of Shelley's influence since his day cannot be estimated. It is true that his genius did not operate immediately as did Byron's, Tennyson's, and Browning's. But his effect upon the poetry of England, Ireland, and America between 1822 and the advent of Tennyson is greater than that of Wordsworth or Byron. And since that time it has continued to grow until Shelley is generally recognized among the major poets of England.

But Arnold, from his pedestal in the complacent Victorian Age, could see Shelley only as he was out of harmony with the Victorians. And this he undoubtedly was. Arnold's age was self-satisfied and comfortable. It had little sympathy with the rebelliousness of Shelley because Victorian England was too far removed from oppression, war, and general turbulence to feel the need of Shelley's revolutionizing spirit. Now, after another century which has brought upon mankind two world wars, we can again appreciate Shelley in all his rebellion against tyranny and his teaching of pure love and perfect beauty.

In addition, the movement of science since Arnold's day has greatly added to the effect Shelley produces in that we can now really understand the scientific truth in Shelley's nature description. But when Arnold looked abroad upon the world, science was only just beginning the great developments which have occurred during the past century. Shelley, the scientist, was completely ignored and even denounced.

Arnold, then, can be excused in part for his rash conclusions; for to his day it was not entirely rash. Shelley's lyricism and general philosophy, however, are apparent to any age and should not have been without their effect upon Arnold's. Still, it has required a considerable length of time for true recognition of Shelley; and the fact that to the modern world he is one of the major Romantic poets in itself is enough to discredit Arnold's assumption.

Shelley has much to teach the world yet. He has yet to show human society that mankind can never be reformed except on some law of love and understanding. And Shelley's spirit, "naked as a sword and therefore effectual as a sword,"² will accomplish the task. As Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch declares, "Ineffectual is the falsest word that has been—the falsest word that can be applied to him"; and no man, after reading his poetry, is ever the man he was beforehand. Shelley, the beautiful angel with the luminous wings, was "a power girt around with weakness" if one considers only his immediate effect upon Arnold's world; but in the entire sweep of life after him, he must remain a "Promethean conqueror," "a champion for the security, freedom, and aesthetic elevation of mankind." And, "burning through the inmost veil of Heaven," his soul, "like a star, beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

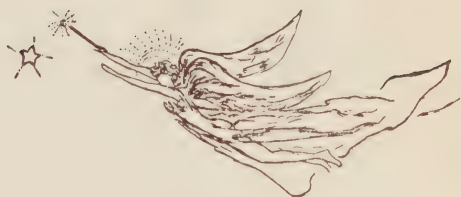
1 Inscription on Shelley's tombstone. The expression means "Heart of Hearts!"

2 Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur, *Studies in Literature*, p. 42.



A Fairy's Day

A fairy's day is never done;
To them a day and night are one;
On hedges glistening with the dew,
They dry their cobweb hankies new.
They polish smooth each blade of grass
Where soon their fairy queen may pass.
They paint each flower nature grows,
The pansy, peony, and the rose.
As twilight falls they sprinkle mist
And many stars, as though they'd kissed
The heavens. Then they join their friends
And just before the moonlight ends,
They dance to music of the night
Until the radiant dawn of light.
And then to work again they go,
For that's what makes our world aglow.

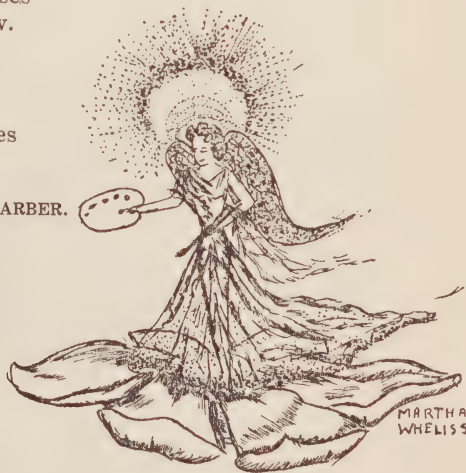


Fairy Kisses

Fairies kiss the heavens,
I just know they do,
For look at all the kisses
To the moon they threw.

Little starlight kisses
Blown up to the sky
Scattered by the breezes
On a lullaby.

BETTY BARBER.



MARTHA
WHEELISS

Queens Students Look at the Peace

IT IS very difficult for those who have never lived in an era of peace to visualize a world free from contention. During our life time we have seen the ruthless Spanish rebels upset their shaking government and establish Franco as virtual dictator; we have watched the all-enveloping arm of that small Pacific dynamo reach out and engulf the struggling empire of China, slowly strangling it by methods of cruelty and harshness that are beyond our powers of comprehension; and now we are experiencing the greatest conflict of all, with the forces of good and evil locked in a death clasp to determine which shall survive—the powers of tyranny and dictatorship or the powers of freedom and peace.

Peace to us can no longer be a spiritual prayer or dream; it must become a reality. We, as loyal Americans, should demand that steps be taken to make this peace just and permanent. Our country was dealt a staggering blow when the Versailles Treaty proved nothing more than a breeding-ground for the present crisis. We must not fail again! The late Wendell Willkie has set forth in his book, *AN AMERICAN PROGRAM*, the three primary objectives in the present conflict. They are, according to him: to win the war; to win the peace that will follow; and to preserve and strengthen our basic American liberties. To attain the second objective Mr. Willkie felt that we, the Americans, should participate in the creation of a Council of United Nations in which all the people of the United Nations should have a voice. By this means we could gain the end that would achieve international brotherhood for which freedom-loving nations have so long labored.

If we are able to carry out the intricate peace plans which are now being formulated by the greatest men of our times, we need have no fear of the future. But it is up to each and everyone of us to do his share in making the world a better one through the medium of unselfishness and love for our fellowmen.

BETTY STARR

* * * * *

Are we ready for peace? It is impossible to give an affirmative reply to this question until we fully understand the demands which will be made upon each true American in order that a better world may be established. Every individual has a right to seek his own happiness in his own way, but in order that we may create a true peace it is necessary that we work and strive together for the common good of the entire world.

Our duty is to sacrifice unselfishly any hope of personal gain. We will have to forget the benefits to be enjoyed and make up our minds to adopt a faith strong enough to last throughout a difficult period. If each individual concentrates on the welfare of all peoples, it is inevitable that we will have peace.

Peace, in the heart of every true American, means many things: it means the end of rationing, families united again, luxuries and pleasures restored, and freedom from mental strain. To the soldiers and sailors in the armed forces of our nation, peace is a constant dream. To them it will mean seeing their loved ones again, getting their jobs back, and donning civilian clothes once more. They long for the opportunity of leading a normal life.

It is largely up to our generation to determine the nature of our peace. We must be morally and spiritually prepared to meet any obstacles which may oppose a final victory. We believe that the qualities necessary for peace are contained in the word itself:

P—preparation for the post-war problems

E—equity, justice

A—attitude of unselfishness and sincerity on the part of each individual

C—Christ, the eternal symbol of peace

E—effort which we must put forth to retain peace

Can we secure these?

MARY ELLA KLUTZ

MARY KATHERINE BAIN

* * * * *

The idea of world peace is overwhelming when I try to envelop it within the narrow bounds of my thinking. How can nations be persuaded to deal mercifully with those who have killed little children on their way home from school; who have enslaved strong men; who have driven families from their hard-earned homes? Yet beyond the limits of the mind lies the endless, eternal realm of the spirit. Hope shall invigorate our efforts. With a vision of our hope for the world, we shall be able to maintain attitudes we deemed impossible before. Let us, therefore, in order to achieve world peace, become possessed of this hope so thoroughly that the ideal may become a reality.

VIRGINIA SMITH

Courage

LAURA SANFORD

With purpose high and courage in his heart
He left to serve his country at her call,
Determining that he would do his part
That peace and freedom come to great and small.
He bravely lived those months and weeks and days
When battles raged and human life seemed cheap.
Then came an end once more to bloody frays,
And all the world again went back to sleep.
No more did men live lives of courage high;
No more they strove to do their best each day;
No longer for their country went to die,
They left the noble and courageous way.
Is courage needed only in battle strife?
No, one should bravely live his daily life.

Enough

ELINOR ELLWANGER

"Turn that alarm clock! How in the world does it get so late so early? My goodness! It's only ten minutes past six. I have five whole minutes to sleep!"

"Now Jane, don't go back to sleep, or I'll never be able to rouse you. Honestly, I'd rather be on first floor with twenty patients and three accidents all by myself than to try to get you up. If you ever lose my friendship, it will be because you are such a goon early in the morning. Come on now! Get up."

This soliloquy (for that is what it really was because Jane was sleeping peacefully after the first two words) was the brain-child of Elsa Meriman—senior nurse. Dignity, poise, patience, persuasion, all the characteristics of a well-trained nurse were in her tone. She was struggling into a uniform of blue with white stripes, trying hard not to tear it, but succeeding in ripping only the back from shoulder to waist, a tear distinctive to only a senior nurse, for only one who has been in training for almost three years can have such rotten uniforms.

"Oh, darn," Elsa said, as she heard the tearing. "Well, it's a good thing it's in the back. My bib will cover it, I hope. Jane! This is the last call. If you aren't up in two seconds, I'm going to hurt you. Here I come; start moving! There, how do you like ice cold water trickling down your neck on a morning like this?"

"Elsa Meriman, just you wait. I'll never help you today at all. No matter what a tangle you are in, I'll just pretend I don't know about it." Jane's tousled blond head was now bending over the side of the bed in a vain search for a pair of slides which should long ago have been among the contents of the wastebasket. The attachment for old things seemed to be another characteristic of a senior nurse. Perhaps it was just for sentimental reasons that they kept things which had been used all through the three-year struggle. At any rate, the fact remained that those slides couldn't be found by Jane, but were promptly produced by Elsa from under her bed.

With cries of "Have you seen my hose, my bib, or my cap?" Jane finally progressed to the point at which she could comb her hair. As she worked with it, her face became serious, and finally with a questioning look she turned to her roommate and asked, "Do you suppose I really should be a nurse?"

Elsa looked up from the shoe she was tying and said, "What on earth is eating you? Chum, you must be hungry. Put on your cap, and let's make for the dining room."

With a sigh Jane did as she was told, and both girls fairly ran down the stairs to the cafeteria. Then hastily gathering trays, they went into the dining room. At a large table by the window which by custom was always reserved for seniors, they joined other members of their class, and the usual chatter about the work to be done that day, the plans for their off-duty time, and the classes to be attended began.

Suddenly Jane, who had been unusually quiet since the beginning of the meal, said, "You know the next time I choose a career I'm going to choose one in which you can sleep until at least seven-thirty. Maybe I'll even pick one which gives you Sunday off. Wonder why I chose nursing anyway? Maybe I'm wasting my talents!"

"You probably chose nursing for the same reason most of us chose it," answered Elsa, slightly annoyed. "Maybe you just wanted to be a nurse. Surely the uniform didn't trap you. So on with your breakfast, and stop mooning about your lost talents."

Gradually over the long hall graduate nurses in stiff white and students in their trim stripes began to leave the dining room. Each seemed to walk briskly and with purpose, anticipation in her eyes. When the circle at the senior table broke up, Jane was still strangely quiet, but she was responding more freely to the quips and chatter of her friends.

Everything was going smoothly this morning on the hall. The report had been given, and all the patients on Surgical East seemed to have had a good night except for 608, who had slept poorly after her operation and was now moaning softly as Jane entered the room. As she went in, she was thinking again, "Why am I really here? Maybe life would have held more for me somewhere else. Do I really like nursing, or have I been just passively enduring it?"

But quickly assuming her professional attitude, she said, "Mrs. Baker, how are you this morning?"

Mrs. Baker raised her sad eyes and murmured that she seemed to be one pain from head to toe. Immediately Jane forgot her own thoughts and went about her duties of taking temperature and pulse, giving a bath, changing the linen, and finishing with an alcohol rub. Soon Mrs. Baker was scrubbed, re-dressed, and comfortably lying on fresh white linen. "My dear, you can't know how much better I feel," Mrs. Baker said as Jane dusted the last speck from the overhead table and straightened the curtains at the window.

"If there is anything you need, please ring for me," Jane said as she slipped from the room and went on down the hall to her next patient. This time she only peeped in. On seeing that the little boy of six was asleep, she went on to her third patient, a man of about fifty who had a serious heart disease.

Quietly she walked into the room, and with only a smile she placed the thermometer into his mouth and gripped his wrist firmly in search of his fluttering pulse. Mr. Daffer was gloomy this morning. He realized the seriousness of his condition and was worried about himself. Until the week before he had been a robust, active man. Now he looked defeated, hopeless, afraid. He knew the seriousness of his condition, but he felt that it was even worse than he had been told. Rest and cooperation with his doctors and nurses would restore him to health, but he felt life would be worthless if it were calm and restive. The worst part of it all was that he continually thought of himself and pondered on the uncertainty of his future.

Jane noticed the defeated look in his eyes and watched his face for signs of pain. "Who brought you such beautiful roses, Mr. Daffer?" she asked as she secretly hoped that this question might take his mind off himself.

Immediately he brightened. "Why I sent them to myself. You know, I have been raising roses for ten years, and this year I've had the loveliest ones I've ever had. Those are some of the last ones. The one next to the mirror is from my prize bush. Roses from that bush have taken blue ribbons for three

years straight." As he spoke, he raised up almost to a sitting position and propped on one elbow.

Jane gently pushed him down; and, with a disapproving shake of her head, she said, "Young man, when are you going to learn to obey orders? Your orders are to remain flat in bed; and, since I'm the captain of this little army, you must do as I say or I'll be forced to court-martial you."

"Yes sir," he said meekly with a trace of a twinkle in his eye. Then solemnly he asked, "Do you think even if I obey those orders I'll be worth two cents again? Tell me, honestly, do you?"

He seemed so eager for assurance—real assurance with the ring of truth in it. Jane said a silent prayer that her words would be convincing; that there would be something which would dispel this fear and hopelessness that hung over his spirit like a shroud.

"For several years I have watched patients with your same disease recover, and with care become strong and active again. Believe me, Mr. Daffer, if you will do as the doctor tells you, you will be tending to your roses next spring and winning more prizes."

With a smile he said, "O.K. boss, when they bloom again, you shall have the first dozen American Beauties."

In no time, with his cooperation, the bath was over, and Mr. Daffer was settled for the morning also. "Now for my little boy," thought Jane as she whisked down the hall.

"Good morning, Bobby. How's my littlest soldier this morning?" Bobby was sitting up with his big brown eyes turned toward the window. They came quickly back to the girl as she entered the room, but his lip trembled a little as he looked at her.

"What were you watching, Bobby? Was it that squirrel? I'll bet he has his tonsils. Don't you imagine your tonsils are lonesome without you this morning?"

Those brown eyes looked up again, and this time the little lips spread into a wide toothless smile. "Now, come on, Bobby, let me wash that face so your mother will recognize you when she comes in in a little while," Jane said.

It was seven o'clock that evening. The last chart had been written, all the temperatures were taken, the last back was rubbed, and all the medicines given. As Jane walked off the floor after all her patients had been reported to the night nurses, she again thought of the question that had been running through her mind during the morning. Why was she here? It seemed incredulous to her as she thought of the experiences of that day that she had even let such a thought enter her mind. She knew the answer now. It wasn't whether she would get more from some other work; that was unimportant. It was a matter of whether or not she could give more in some other place. Happiness, she knew, comes from doing and is the result of action; it comes from a feeling of having accomplished something. If it were only to restore hope to someone tottering on the brink of despair, to straighten a wrinkle under a tired, painful back, or to make a child laugh when he wanted to cry—even these little things were important to someone, and the satisfaction which followed these little acts was reward enough.

As she walked into the cool night air, she thanked that Being, wiser than she, who had guided her into this work where she could serve and be content.

Reunion

ANNA WORTH

SHE STOOD among the wreckage of what had been her home and looked up at the sky. Would those big noisy birds come back and break up her house some more with those eggs they dropped?

It began to drizzle; so she picked her way through the wreckage over to the brick stove which was still standing and crawled inside of it out of the rain. The ashes were still warm, and as she lay there she tried to puzzle out with her five-year-old brain the things that had happened that day. It had been only that morning that she had been playing happily around the house which stood in a small village on the bank of the Yangtze River about two hundred miles inland from Shanghai. It was only a few hours ago that her mother had sent her out to gather fuel for the noonday fire. She had been on a small hill near her home when she had heard them. It sounded at first like a swarm of bees in the distance. Then, as they came nearer, she could see the giant silver birds with the red circles on their wings. She had watched them circle high above the village and then dive down one by one; and, as they dived, she could see drop from them things that exploded where they hit. She had crouched down then behind some rocks and shivered through her thin cotton jacket and trousers, for she had heard a chattering noise come from the planes as they dived upon the village again. Then the droning noise grew fainter as the planes flew away, and she stood up, a lonely little figure among the rocks.

It was then that she had got a full view of what had been the village—rows of dirt and straw and little bundles of cloth where the people had fallen in the machine gunning which had followed the bombing. She ran to what had been her home, a heap of dirt and straw with only the whitewashed brick stove still standing. Where were her parents? Where was her baby brother? The wreckage gave no answer. Then she had noticed the rain and had crawled into the stove to get away from it. Now, as her head began to nod, she heard a faint purring sound that seemed to come nearer, but she was too sleepy to care.

The last light of day had caught the white stove in its rays and called it to the attention of the lone plane's pilot. "A fine target to hit with my last bomb," he thought. With that he pulled the bomb release, and the stove disappeared.

The little girl had joined her parents and baby brother.

I Heard the Bells

ANN PERRY



AS JIMMY walked up the church steps, he could feel excitement running up and down his back in little jumps. He smoothed his mittens on his hands and pulled his scarf tight under his coat. He breathed in the sharp winter air and blew it out in a steamy cloud. The chimes began playing "Silent Night" as the congregation entered the church. Jimmy looked back over his shoulder and saw the busy street, alight with Christmas; then he went in with his mother and father.

The church was warm and heady with the smell of spruce and burning candles. Jimmy slipped into a pew between his mother and father and looked around. There were lighted candles in each of the windows, with spruce boughs banked around them. They cast shadows on the pictures in the stained-glass windows and more on the walls. Jimmy carefully pulled off his red woolen mittens and put them in his coat pocket; then he took off his coat and laid it carefully beside him. He wanted everything to be right tonight. He had waited ever since he was a little boy to be old enough to come to the midnight service on Christmas Eve. And now that he was here, he wanted it to be perfect. All day long he had done everything he could to make it just right; he had taken his nap so that he wouldn't be sleepy, he had washed his face and hands carefully just before leaving home, and he had even worn the new blue cap that bothered his ears. His mother and father must have understood how he felt, for his mother had had meat balls for dinner, and his father had given him a quarter to put in the collection plate tonight.

The organist began to play Christmas carols softly on the organ, and Jimmy sang the words in his mind. A group of men and women in evening clothes swept up the aisle, and he looked at them with pity. How awful to be in such a hurry to go to a dance on Christmas Eve that they wouldn't be able to enjoy the service. Jimmy did hope they would sing "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day" because it was his favorite carol. He stopped as he thought of the word *carol*. He knew a girl named Carol, but her hair was stringy, and she popped chewing-gum in Miss Wilkinson's third grade arithmetic class. It was unfair to call her Carol when it meant all of the lovely things it did—tinsel and candles, singing and stars.

Jimmy looked up as Tommy Maxwell started to light the candles on the altar. He wanted to do that some day—to wear white vestments and make the candles glow; but he was still too young. This was the first year he was

old enough to come to midnight service, and soon there would be the first year he was old enough to do that.

Presently the organ boomed into "O Come All Ye Faithful," and the congregation rose and sang. Jimmy stood on the kneeling bench so that he could see the choir come in, followed by Mr. Cox, the minister. Jimmy felt deeply and wholly satisfied as the service went on. Everything was as it should be: the church was deep with shadows from the candles, Mr. Cohn who took up the collection had smiled at Jimmy when he put his quarter in the collection plate, and any minute they might sing "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day."

Jimmy reached up and pulled at his mother's sleeve. "Why don't they sing it?" he asked.

"Sing what?"

"You know, the carol," he answered desperately.

"Which carol, Jimmy?"

"*The carol, mum.*"

"Maybe they will in a minute, dear; wait and see." His mother looked as if she were going to smooth his hair; so Jimmy turned away. The candles were burning low, and the church was getting hot. There was only a little time left for the choir to sing his favorite carol. If they didn't hurry, it would be too late. Jimmy crossed his fingers in desperation as the congregation rose to sing the last hymn. If they didn't sing it now, it would be too late. But when they began to sing, it was "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." Jimmy sang, but something was wrong.

As the people filed out of the church, he clutched his mittens in one hand and ran the other along the ends of the pews. He could feel eddies of cold air around his ankles when they got near the door, and soon he got a breath of fresh, sharp air. It burned his nose and cleared his head; it had been hot in the church. Jimmy didn't want to shake hands with Mr. Cox, but his parents always did. Just so long as he went to church, what difference did it make whether the minister knew it or not? There were a number of people waiting to see Mr. Cox, and Jimmy reluctantly stood with his parents among them.

Suddenly the chimes began to play. Through the frosty night Jimmy could hear them playing:

*I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet their song repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.*

He grinned; then he shoved his hands deep into his pockets and huddled into his coat with happiness. Suddenly he noticed that Mr. Cox was trying to shake hands with him and was smiling. "Merry Christmas, Jimmy," he said.

"Merry Christmas," Jimmy said. "Merry, merry Christmas."



“It Will Be Daybreak Soon”

LAURA SANFORD

Characters: THE REVEREND JAMES D. CRAIG

MARY, organist at his church

SOLDIER

Setting: Church. Organist at rear right corner on platform. Pulpit a little to left and front of organ on platform. Altar rail in front of platform. Side door on left stage into aisle leading in front of altar rail. Soft light.

Scene opens with the Reverend Mr. Craig studying and preparing his sermon. Mary is back at the organ getting ready to play.

REV. CRAIG: I can't preach that sermon Sunday, Mary. I can't—not even for Fred.

MARY: I know, Mr. Craig; I know how you feel. Mr. Johnston did want it so much, though, especially in memory of Fred. His wife has taken it so hard, and it might be a comfort to her. He thought it would.

REV. CRAIG: I know, but how can I comfort her after today? That was before. O God, why did it have to be him? Why couldn't it have been me? He was so young, Mary.

MARY: Yes, I know.

REV. CRAIG: I remember the night before he left just as if it were yesterday. We were talking about the war and his going and about how bad things were getting, and he said—I remember his exact words—he said, “It all seems like night, father, all over the whole world. There isn't one spark of hope—not any more. Paris has fallen, and now they've almost got England. God can't let this go on. There's got to be a daybreak soon.” O Mary, if only he could've come back—if only he—(Falls back exhausted, laying his head on his hand. Mary begins to play softly on the organ. She does not notice that the door opens and a soldier walks slowly up to the front and kneels in prayer. The Reverend Mr. Craig looks up, but remains silent. The soldier seems almost in a trance. The Reverend Mr. Craig gets up, walks down, and puts his hand on the soldier's shoulder.)

SOLDIER: It's all right, sir. I had to come here. I've just come back from North Africa. Out there one of my friends used to tell me about this church. I think he must have come here often, and one night he made me promise to come back here for him. You see, he couldn't come back after that. I was thinking of him when you came down. It was just two weeks ago that we were out there together. I don't want to burden you with all this, though.

REV. CRAIG: Go on, my boy, please.

SOLDIER: It was one night when we were lying out in the moonlight. He was trying to write a letter home, and I could hear him reading it as he wrote. We had just been talking about the war, and he was saying how he wanted to come home and back here, and I still remember what he wrote, “We've been

talking tonight about the war," he said. "Funny how much it seems like the night before I left. But I'm beginning to see now, father, since I've been out here. I believe there is a hope, and so do all the fellows here tonight. We've still got God, and as long as he's guiding things, no matter what happens, he'll make it right in the end. I believe that, and I know you do. So don't worry any more, father; it will be daybreak soon." Yes sir, that's what he said. But the planes came over that night, and that was the last time I ever saw him. That's why I had to come here.

REV. CRAIG: What was that you said? Did he say, "It will be daybreak soon?"

SOLDIER: Yes, sir. That's what he said.

REV. CRAIG: My son! (Falls on his knees reverently. Light on soldier fades out, and he disappears. The minister looks up.) Can you—will you—wh-why, where is he?

MARY: Who, sir? I haven't seen anyone. No one has been here but you and me.

REV. CRAIG: Are you sure?

MARY: Why, yes.

REV. CRAIG: Ye-es, I suppose you're right. There wasn't anyone here. But Mary, I'm going to preach that sermon for Mr. Johnston's Fred and my son. I see so clearly now, Mary. We still have God, and no matter what happens, he will make it right. It will be daybreak soon.

Conclusions

BETTY MCGILL

Morning sunshine with its radiant welcome
Does not touch my soul;
Its stretching rays of varied hues
Are only dull and cold
To my relentless self;
For in the solemn preface of the day
There are no memories.

Nor does the burning heat of noontime
Touch my soul;
For then the thoughts of early morn
Are not soothing or kind;
The climax of the day is uneventful;
I find no thoughts on which to muse—
There are no memories.

But when the night is falling,
Concluding lines of day,
Memories come like shadows 'neath the trees;
A calm, a sadness in the breeze
Sends sharpening pangs of pain;
I close my eyes from darkening shades of night
And wonder why conclusions are most beautiful.

Journey

NANCY LEA BROWN

WHEN I first saw Johnny, he was covered with dirt and filth, and the medics were carrying him on a stretcher that was way too small, being as he was such a big guy. He looked awful tired, but he was sorta half-way grinning like he did. You could tell he was hurtin', but all he said was, "Hello, Sarge. Got a match?"

I fell into step alongside the stretcher and lit his cigarette for him.

"What hit you?" I asked, trying to be casual.

"They got me in the leg," was all he said.

We went along for a while, cuttin' our way through the thick underbrush and slippin' sometimes on the big rocks. After a while Johnny spoke.

"Where you goin'?"

"To the hospital ship."

"Arm hurt?"

"Naw—but I gotta have it fixed—bandaged or something. See, a Japanese sniper sneaked up on me and put a hole in my arm. I was a tough guy so it didn't bother me much, but some crazy loogie sent me to the ship."

"Ever had a girl, Sarge?"

What the dickens, I thought. Only I said, curt-like, "Yeah. Had a wife once. We didn't hit it off so good."

Johnny said, "I got a girl—pretty too."

This is what happens when guys think they're done for, I thought. In spite of myself, I had to ask, "What's her name?"

"Linda."

He seemed eager to talk; so I said, "Tell me about her, kid."

He eased back on the stretcher. The going was gettin' rougher now.

"She's got blond hair and brown eyes—kinda plump. A nice armful." He grinned again, lop-sided like he always did.

"Yeah?"

"She's gonna be waitin' for me," he said in a rush of confidence. "Got a picture here."

"She's in the WACs?"

"Uh-huh. Had to get her parents' consent—she's nineteen. But she's got a lotta sense, and she figured she'd be nearer me. You know how it is."

"Sure, sure." Romantic angle, I thought. Kid stuff. Johnny was speaking again, half to me and half to himself.

"Gosh, we really had some swell times. I remember one day I went over,

and her dog had been killed by a bus. She was crying like the very dickens, and I buried it. Had a reg'lar funeral and put two bricks on the grave. Then we went for a long walk down by the pasture, and she got all right. She really loved that dog."

What connection has that got, I wondered. Johnny interrupted my thoughts.

"And there was the day when it was raining so hard, and I carried her a bunch of violets, all wet and dripping. She loved violets. It was good stuff, Linda and me."

He stopped abruptly and raised up on the stretcher. I followed his stare over to the right, and I saw a figure pushing through the underbrush. My good arm instinctively hoisted my gun up in front of me. Johnny tried to get up.

"Linda—gosh, Linda!"

"Take it easy, kid." He's going nuts already, poor kid, I thought.

By that time the figure had almost got to where we were, and you could see it was a WAC—kinda plump with short blond hair.

"Johnny!" She came towards us and fell into step by the stretcher. The medics hadn't even seen her.

I rubbed my eyes. I must be going batty too, I decided. Only there she was, darn it.

"I can't stay," she was saying. "But I'll see you in a little while, and we can talk about everything."

Johnny grinned. "O.K., Linda."

That was all. She turned and disappeared again into the thick jungle.

Johnny lay back and smiled.

"Did you hear that, Sarge? I'm gonna see her in a little while."

Four hours later Johnny was dead. When they packed his things to send them home, they found a letter from his mother, and they read it. I heard it from the guy who read the letter; so I know it's straight. Said something about Linda's being on a ship that was torpedoed and everybody aboard was lost. Only we saw Linda on the way to the hospital ship. It didn't make sense to me, either, and I saw her. Like I said, I'm a tough guy, and I don't believe in nothin' but what's strictly real. None o' this spiritual stuff. Only now I keep tellin' myself that I saw Linda—heck, I must be crazy.



Book Reviews

H. E. Bates: "Fair Stood the Wind for France"

RUTH ANN BARBER

WITH startling reality *Fair Stood the Wind for France* tells of a miraculous escape of an R. A. F. pilot who is forced to make a crash landing in German-occupied France. It presents a clear picture of the situation there with direct emphasis on the attitude of the French people. It is the story of only one incident in this World War, but it is a symbol of others just as heart-rending and real.

The author, H. E. Bates, is well qualified to write this story not only because he is an experienced writer, but because he himself has been a member of the R. A. F. for the past several years now. By living with these boys and actually being one of them, he knows what goes on inside their minds and hearts. In this, his fifth novel, Mr. Bates demonstrates conclusively his keen sight into the deep feeling of those around him.

The Wellington exerted her last breath of life and then settled quietly under the skillful controls of her pilot, Franklin. All five crew members of the great bomber, welded together by their deep love for her, mourned her loss but held hope in the fact that they had landed without being seen by the Nazis. Besides an arm wound received by Franklin, everyone was free from injury; and so they went out in a body to seek refuge.

Francoise and her family received them with such calmness that they marveled at the courageousness of these French people. Certain death would have been the penalty had they been caught. In Francoise it was faith, a faith so humble and complete that all the terrors and dangers of the war could not touch her. Defiant and proud, her father outsmarted the Nazis at every turn; but he was nevertheless humiliated and heartbroken over the situation in his country. Her grandmother, on the other hand, seemed almost to remain untouched by the glory of the Nazi tyrants. And in Pierre there was hatred, a silent hatred which manifested itself almost entirely inside himself, not openly.

As she went about her daily chores one summer morning, Francoise was suddenly confronted by a tired and wounded English flier who asked graciously for temporary aid for himself and his four companions. The feeling of deep love between Franklin and Francoise seemed to begin the first moment they met. Later as he lay feverish and delirious because of his wounded arm his every thought was of her presence, so comforting and reassuring. It was mainly through her faith and courage that he was saved both from the Nazis and from himself.

Fair Stood the Wind For France is indeed a great tribute to the gallant fliers of the R. A. F. But even more it is a tribute to those, our unheralded allies, who are carrying on the fight behind the enemy lines with all odds against them save faith alone. It is a story to make any American stop and think and be thankful.

John Hersey: "A Bell for Adano"

MARY MCGILL

A Bell for Adano by the young war correspondent, John Hersey, is a story of the Americans in Italy. It is a picture of the problems that confront our Army of Occupation as it tries to reconstruct according to principles of justice and democracy a people schooled in the principles of Fascism. It is the story of a man who possessed the wisdom and understanding to meet these problems successfully.

Major Joppolo understood the people of Adano—the simple fishermen, the zealous officials, the hungry children who begged for caramels. He understood Mercurio, the town-crier, who always made a beautiful story from a dull proclamation. He understood Cacopardo, whose sulphur fortune gave him a unique position in the town. He understood Tomasina, whose hatred for men of authority was deep-rooted in the corrupt practices of Fascist officials. He understood Tina, whose lover did not return when the prisoners came back to Adano.

Major Joppolo understood the needs of Adano. He understood why the cartmen had to bring their carts over the bridge into the town; why the fishermen had to go out again. And most of all he understood why Adano had to have a bell; for when their ancient one had been taken away to make cannon, there was a vacancy that could not be forgotten in the hearts of these Italians. The Major understood why the people of Adano had to carry on their old traditions, even though they had a new freedom.

Of course Joppolo had more realistic problems than these mentioned. First of all, he had to confront the fear and suspicion of a defeated people. He had to clean the town, feed the people, fight a dangerous black market, and suppress Nazi propaganda. But all was done along the lines of "his own good instincts and democratic upbringing."

In this book we have not only an unforgettable story with unforgettable characters; we have a story which has a deep meaning for the future. The problems and situations that were Joppolo's will be those of other Americans in other countries. And the understanding and sympathy that Joppolo had in dealing with the people of Adano will also be necessary in dealing with the people of other towns in other countries. As the author himself points out, it is our Joppolos alone who can guarantee the success of our treaties and our hopes and our ideals.

The message of *A Bell for Adano* is a vital one; the characters and plot are convincing. Perhaps no more valuable book has come out of the present crisis than this slight volume by John Hersey.

Van Wyck Brooks: "The World of Washington Irving"

VIRGINIA JACKSON

The World of Washington Irving by the distinguished Van Wyck Brooks creates something new in literature. Most aptly it could be called a biography of America—if countries had biographies. In this recent Book of the Month Club selection, the author, a famous literary critic and historian, has put into use his extensive knowledge of America's men of letters. With this he has combined all of the political and social history of the America of 1800-1850

that was needed to clarify the actions and works of the main characters, the early literary figures of America.

Although the title might lead one to believe that Washington Irving was the central figure of the book, this is not true. Irving shares the honor with his contemporaries: with the creator of *The Leatherstocking Tales*, James Fenimore Cooper; with the renowned lover of nature, William Cullen Bryant; with the versatile Edgar Allan Poe. These, however, are but a few of the characters whose lives and works form the background of this new study of a period of American literature. With this background, Mr. Brooks develops the book; and it is from this point on that the book merits its greatest praise. Many authors have written lives of the great and famous, but few have told of the minor lights of literature in such a way that they are remembered as vividly as their brilliant contemporaries. Mr. Brooks has done this.

In this period when American writers first became conscious of their heritage, one should not think only of Poe, Irving, or Bryant. Philadelphia in 1800 should, for instance, recall Wilson Peale, who painted from life eight portraits of Washington and who was the first American taxidermist. His life and the growth of the seventh American wonder, his museum, are interesting features of this book. Also interesting is the account of a little Scotchman, Grant Thorburn, who arrived in New York with six pence and bought flower seeds to open the first flower shop in the growing metropolis.

The World of Washington Irving is full of miscellaneous facts similar to these, in addition to its broad study of every section of the budding America of this period. As one critic said, "My only quarrel with this book is that it makes one want to drop everything else and devote one's self to reading the words of all these writers of the world of Washington Irving."

Carl Becker: "How New Will The Better World Be?"

JOANNA HOUCHINS

BECAUSE America fears all indications of Communism within her borders, her system of representative democracy is most seriously endangered by Fascism. In the vigilance she keeps over Communistic activities and tendencies she is unconsciously using a basic Fascist method, which is utilizing national pressure groups to carry the balance of power. Mr. Becker feels that centralized government regulation of private enterprise is its strongest weapon against dictatorship-control by pressure politics. Is either of these the kind of collectivism which will bring about in this nation the truest form of social democracy, and in the international community assurance of lasting peace? "What kind of collectivism do we want?" This is one of the eight pertinent questions which Carl Becker poses in his book, *How New Will the Better World Be?*

The interrogatory title of this book sounds the keynote of Becker's manner of thinking. The note of idealism which should be inherent in any progressive manner of thinking is revealed in his use of the words "better world." He anticipates from the opening that the world of the future will be a better one in spite of the suffering and distrust that conceal it now. Experience of the past, however, warns him to ask, realistically, "How new will it be?" And he answers that signing documents of armistice will not be the magic acts which will transform the world we have now into the world we want for the future.

In order to see the way clear to the ideal which he is confident can be fulfilled, therefore, Mr. Becker decides immediately that he does not want to return to the "normalcy" of pre-war days. So he considers the evils of the present which should be eliminated—aggression, isolationism, economic exploitation of backward countries, suppression of individual liberties. He examines existing political orders—national sovereignty, imperialism, pressure politics, collectivism—in the light of their continuance into the future. Then he suggests flexible, practical proposals to meet the needs which his diagnosis reveals. His answer to the title question lies in his solutions to eight other problems.

In answering his first sub-question, "What is wrong with the world we have?", Mr. Becker points out that the brightest hope for peace and security is a new international economic order. Of the multitudinous complaints which such an inquiry might bring forth, Becker presents just two things which he considers are fundamentally wrong with the world: war and unemployment. These are the basic ills because of their interdependence. The evil of war is the only condition which has been known to subdue the evil of unemployment; but the return to peace has meant inevitably the return to the hate-breeding, war-breeding plight of masses of unemployed. War, therefore, is merely the immediate and apparent cause of the world's present crisis; it is only a by-product of the real problem, unemployment.

After establishing what he considers the main cause of war, Mr. Becker points out that it will not be sufficient to place our hope for lasting peace in an international political organization which has the purpose and facilities only for outlawing war. Peace pacts, obligatory pacific settlements, even the strength of an international police force are, he thinks, instruments for cutting down war when it threatens, not for destroying the seeds of conflict. We must have, instead, a concentrated international economic organization able to study, solve, and act upon the specific problems which have hindered universal prosperity. We must have a new spirit of co-operation to effect the fullest employment of the world's natural resources, technological and industrial developments, and manpower in producing better and cheaper goods for a wider market. The international market can be enlarged by new consumers to whom increased production has meant more jobs and increased purchasing power. Providing more goods for more people means having higher living standards throughout the world, and this will result in a universal sense of economical and political well-being.

Contrary to the purposes of most current books, the value of this brief economic study does not lie in Mr. Becker's opinions and ideas, realistic and well-conceived as they are. This is because the class of reading public who are interested in books dealing with postwar reconstruction problems are independent-minded; they prefer to formulate their own opinions rather than to adopt those of professional thinkers, even those of a recognized educator like Carl Becker, the author of several history texts. Mr. Becker has met a hitherto overlooked need for a book which stimulates and guides the independent thinking of the reader. He has provided the open-minded, conscientious citizen with a series of analytical, penetrating questions, and has left to him the dignity and responsibility of answering them.

Dignity of decision is a privilege of the American people whose resolution now will influence the shape of things to come for centuries. This is Mr. Becker's challenge. The responsibility for leading the world in securing a permanent peace and in creating a better world is our generation's. We cannot hesitate to decide now, for America cannot fail the world again.

Editorials

Christmas Traditions at Queens

CHRISTMAS traditions at Queens, which have become an integral part of our campus life, make this season the most beautiful and distinctive of the year. The most impressive of these customs are the boar's head dinner, the Christmas tree, and the carol service, which are observed on the last night before the holidays begin.

The boar's head dinner, a tradition of long standing on our campus, had its origin, of course, in old England. The brave days of old were distinguished by hearty and profuse hospitality. During the Christmas season the barons and knights kept open house, and for a fortnight nothing was heard of but festivity and merriment. The climax of this season of festivity came on Christmas Day with the grand feast given by the feudal chieftain in the great banquet hall. Heralded by a jubilant flourish of trumpets, the butler, attended by two servants, entered the banquet hall bearing on a gold or silver dish a huge boar's head, decorated with rosemary, mustard, and lemon. As he marched down the banquet hall at the head of the stately procession of barons, knights, and ladies, he sang the Boar's Head Carol, and then deposited his dish at the great table.

During the days of the Commonwealth the celebration of Christmas was forbidden by an act of Parliament; and even though the law was later repealed by Charles II, the boar's head never recovered its old supremacy at the Christmas feast. The tradition has been preserved, however, at Queens College, Oxford, where the ancient dish is served to a slight variation of the old carol:

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us servire cantico.
Caput apri defero;
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss,

Which on this day to be served is
In Regimensi Atrio
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our Christmas tree ceremony is a relic of an old Southern custom. In ante-bellum days plantation slaves gathered at the colonial house, and after much singing and merriment received gifts of money, food, clothing, and small luxuries. At Queens the custom is much the same. The servants assemble around the Christmas tree in Burwell Hall, gifts are distributed to them, and they sing spirituals and carols for the students and guests.

The night ends with the Christmas carol service. The old English custom of welcoming Christmas by singing carols was early introduced into America. In Boston it was a custom to place candles before every pane of glass in the front windows on Christmas Eve, and carolers going about the town would pause before these houses and sing their songs. Our tradition is somewhat similar to this. At midnight a cross of candles is formed on the steps of Burwell Hall. The students gather before this cross and in the soft candlelight sing favorite carols. This service, marked by simplicity and dignity, is one of the most beautiful and impressive of our traditions.

However simple these traditions may seem, they play a vital role in our college life. As in any institution, traditions are a stabilizing influence; they build up a wealth of sentiment that binds students and alumnae to their Alma Mater.

This Issue

FOR the first time in several years we are publishing a fall issue of the QUILL, and another will appear in the spring. This has been made possible by funds granted by the Publications Board.

Last year's issue assumed new format and fuller content and was received with enthusiasm. We were indeed proud of the criticism and rating given to it by the board of critics of the National Scholastic Press Association. We are glad to welcome to our pages some of our former contributors and several new ones. We hope that every student will feel that this is her magazine and will contribute to it.

Together They Serve

(Continued from page 13)

STANLEY: O. K. Make fun of me, but it's not the same at all. (With an appeal to her emotions) But when I'm on some far-flung battle front with the big guns firing all around me and bombs dropping and people dying on every side, I'll like to think of you here keeping a home for us.

PHYLLIS: (Sarcastically) You break my heart. If you take time out in the midst of battle to daydream about home, I'm afraid you'll never see it again. (More gently) I don't want to seem heartless, but I just won't be talked out of it.

STANLEY: (Trying another approach) Well, I won't have it, do you see? I forbid it. I absolutely forbid it.

PHYLLIS: (Hotly) Oh, you do, do you? Well listen to me, Stanley Potter: you're not forbidding me to do anything. It's perfectly all right for you to come home and say you're enlisting right off the bat that way, but when I even agree with you enough to do likewise, it's all wrong. (Controlling her temper with an effort) Oh, don't you see, Stan, there's something glorious about our going out together to face the common foe. Don't you catch the spirit? A husband and wife voluntarily leaving the side-lines to join in the fight. I won't be in any danger, and it'll give me something to do while you're away. I'd be so lonely here. (Pleadingly) Oh, Stan, don't you see?

STANLEY: (Thoughtfully) Say, maybe you have something there. I hadn't thought about it from that angle. (Cheerfully) We can go down to the recruiting office together.

PHYLLIS: Maybe we'll even be sworn in together.

STANLEY: Hurrah for the fighting Potters!

(Phyllis takes his arm, laughing, and they start back towards the untouched meal.)

PHYLLIS: Gee, we sure will be gypped if we never have a grandson. Think what we'll have to tell him.

(Curtain)

She's So Fickle

(Continued from page 16)

"Look," she said impulsively. "Why do you think I acted as I did? You thought it was because I was fickle, didn't you? Yes, all of you did. But you're wrong. It had to be this way."

I didn't have the voice to answer, and there was a moment of silence as she fought back the tears. Then she spoke with a painful calmness, "It's because—Well, I went to the doctor about my headaches. It's my eyes. I wasn't supposed to hear what he told mother, but I did. He said that I'll probably be blind within a few years. I couldn't let Mike in for anything like that."

There was nothing I could say to this except a feeble, "I didn't know; I'm terribly sorry, Susan."

I think we all learned a lesson from that—at least we learned what a wonderful girl Susan really was. And, too, we learned never to say "She's so fickle," without being sure we know exactly what we're talking about.

